A POWER COMIC

DEDICATED TO THE NEW BREED OF COMIC READERS!

SMASH!

No.44
3rd DEC. 1966
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

NAPOLEON'S WAR OF NERVES ON THE POLICE DEPARTMENT CONTINUES WITH A NOTE TO THE POLICE CHIEF—A NOTE THAT BURST INTO FLAMES!

GET RID OF THAT NOTE BEFORE IT EXPLODES, CHIEF!

GLADLY, CAPED CRUSADER! THE CURSED THING EVEN SMELLS FUNNY!

THE CHARACTERISTIC ODOUR OF AN UNSTABLE ELEMENT CALLED THERMITE!

THERMITE! AND THE CHIEF'S HOT LITTLE HAND SET IT OFF!!

IT'S BURNING SOME SORT OF MESSAGE IN THE DESK-TOP!

THE NERVE OF IT!-- DEFACING GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!

Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc. National Periodical Publications, Inc. 1966

HOLY ANAGRAM! WHAT'S IT MEAN!?

23 SKIDOO, BATMAN!

'TIS A BIT OF OLD-TIME SLANG, BOY WONDER, MEANING "GET LOST!" A CRUDE INSULT FROM LITTLE NAPOLEON!

I'M AFRAID IT'S MORE THAN THAT, CHIEF!

NO DOUBT IT'S A HIDDEN CLUE TO THE COUNTERFEIT CORSICAN'S NEXT CRIME!

FOLLOW THE DYNAMIC DUO OVER THE PAGE!

INSIDE

A FIGHT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET—

THE HULK —V— THE THING!

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1966.

NOW FOR THE HOMING-DEVICE YOU PLANTED ON HIS HENCHWOMAN, HUH, BATMAN?
RIGHT! IF WE CAN PICK HER UP ON THE BATSCOPE, SHE'LL LEAD US TO HIM!
I GET A BLIP ALL RIGHT--BUT IT'S DANCING ALL OVER THE PLACE!
KEEP TRYING!
MEANWHILE, NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE SPEED THROUGH THE CITY...
BONAPARTE ARMORED CAR SERVICE
KEEP TURNING CORNERS, MY DEAR JOSEPHINE!
IT'S ONE THING TO FURNISH THAT DO-GOOD DUO WITH CLUES, BUT I DON'T WANT THEM TO CATCH US!
WE'LL NEVER LOCATE THAT HOMING-DEVICE, BATMAN! THE BLIP IS DANCING ALL OVER THE BATSCOPE!
BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND LITTLE NAPOLEON! PERHAPS IF I STOP...
HOW IS IT NOW, CHUM?
THAT'S BETTER--BUT STILL NOT GOOD!
WAIT A MINUTE, ROBIN--
DO YOU NOTICE ANYTHING ODD?
YES!--AN AWFUL LOT OF POLICEMEN AROUND!
HOW COME, DEPUTY CHIEF DOOLITTLE?
APPARENTLY THE CHIEF EXPECTS LITTLE NAPOLEON TO STRIKE IN THIS PRECINCT, BOY WONDER--
I RECEIVED ORDERS TO MOVE ALL MY MEN HERE FROM THE 23RD PRECINCT!
SPURIOUS ORDERS, I FEAR!
SO THAT'S WHAT THE CROOK'S CLUE MEANT! "23 SKIDOO" MEANT "23RD PRECINCT!"
RIGHT! AND GOTHAM CITY'S RICHEST BANK IS IN THAT UNGUARDED PRECINCT!
HOLY VACUUM!
POWEE! EXPLOSIVE ACTION NEXT WEEK!

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Magazine Post to Canada (including Newfoundland). SMASH!, printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 112 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and

Percy's Pets

COO! I THINK I'LL GO AND GET THE CHEESE COVER BEFORE PERCY'S MICE GET AT IT!

HEH! HEH! WE'RE GLAD DAD BUYS CHEESE WITH HOLES IN IT! THEY MAKE SMASHING HIDING PLACES! *SNIGGER!*

READ 'SMASH'

AAGH! THEY'VE GOT IT!

OH, NO!

HEH! HEH! QUICK, LADS! GET THIS CHEESE DOWN THE HOLE BEFORE DAD GETS TO IT!

HOME

HORSE AND TRAP (MOUSE TRAP)

MUSH! MUSH!

THUMP

HOME

AAGH! WE'RE TOO LATE! THAT'S DAD'S GREAT FOOT!

FASTER! FASTER! TO THE BACK ENTRANCE!

HELP! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

YIKES! HE'S BEATEN US TO IT AGAIN! ROTTEN OLD DAD!

BACK DOOR

TOOTH PICK

GRR! I'LL SHIFT THAT FOOT! *UP THE MOUSEHOLD CAVALRY!*

GRR! THIS'LL TEACH HIM!

PROD!

AAGH! WAA-AAH! OOH! OOH!

OH, *HELP!* THEY'VE DONE IT, *NOW!*

HO! HO! *THAT* SHIFTED HIM! HOME-SWEET-HOME! HEH! HEH!

GRRR! THEY GOT *IN*— BUT THEY'LL *NEVER* GET OUT AGAIN!

BACK DOOR

.OER! THAT'S A BIT ROUGH, DAD! THEY'VE GOT TO EAT— JUST THE SAME AS WE HAVE!

THEY DIDN'T GET *THIS* PIECE, ANYWAY! HEH! HEH!

POOR OLD DAD! HE'LL *NEVER* LEARN!

AAAGH! IT'S THEM! HOW DID THEY GET OUT?

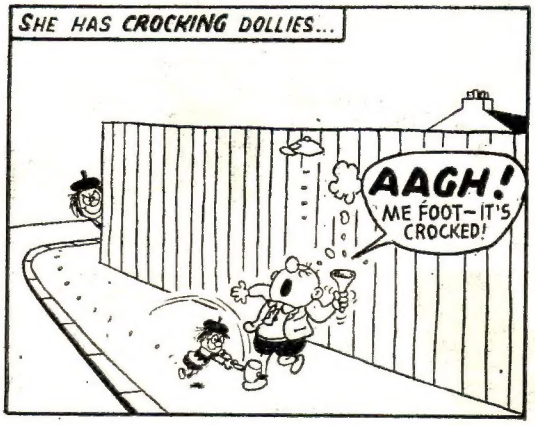
HO! HO! DAD EVEN BUYS *WOOD* WITH HOLES IN IT! *KNOT HOLES! SNIGGER!*

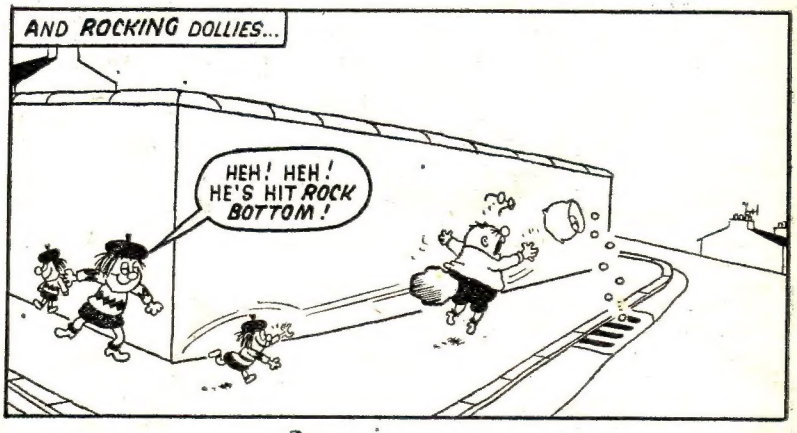
BAD PENNY

AMMO

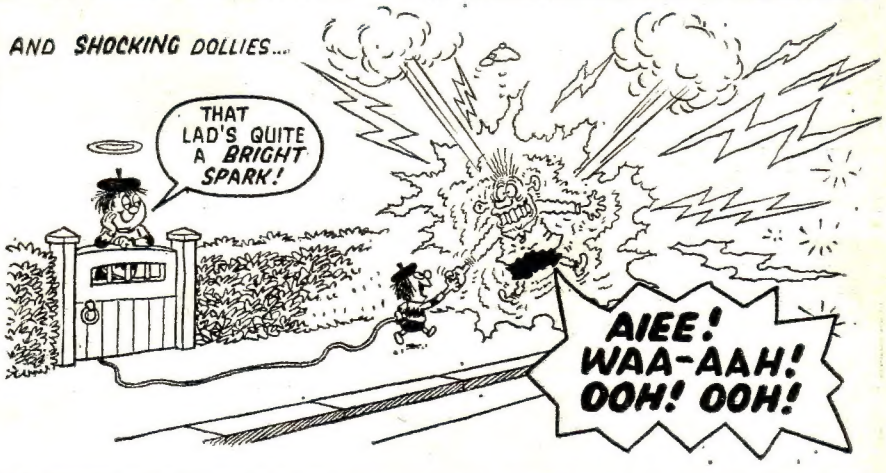
ONE PENNY
1966

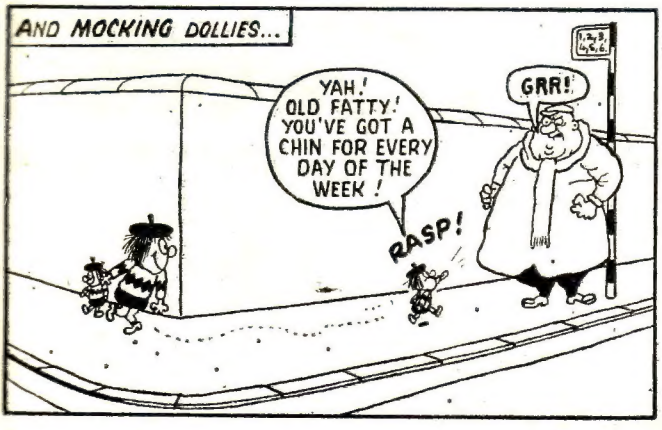
MOST LITTLE GIRLS HAVE WALKING OR TALKING DOLLIES, BUT NOT PENNY...

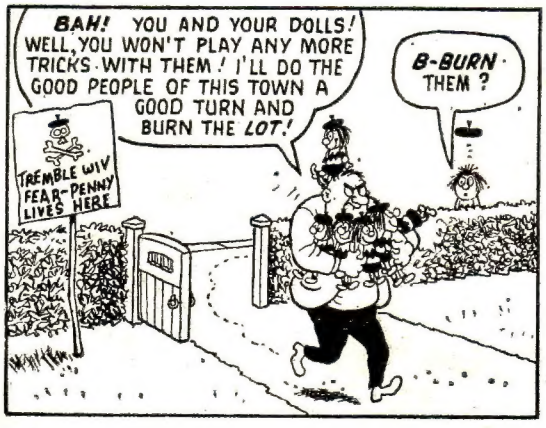

SHE HAS CROCKING DOLLIES...
AAGH! ME FOOT—IT'S CROCKED!


AND ROCKING DOLLIES...
HEH! HEH! HE'S HIT ROCK BOTTOM!

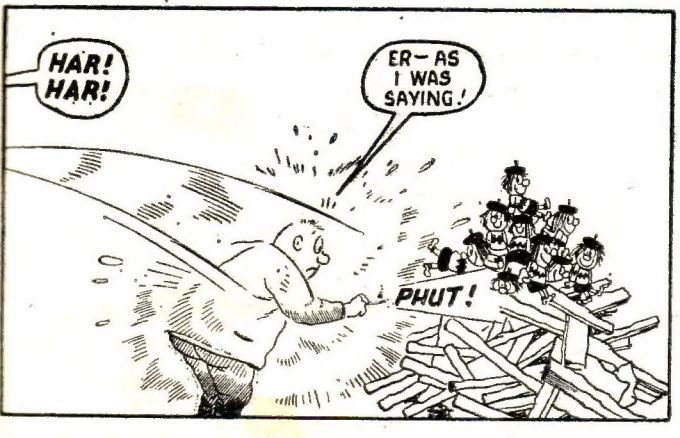
AND SOCKING DOLLIES...
THAT'S A LOVELY LEFT JAB TO THE KNEE!
SOCK!


AND SHOCKING DOLLIES...
THAT LAD'S QUITE A BRIGHT SPARK!
AIEE! WAA-AAH! OOH! OOH!

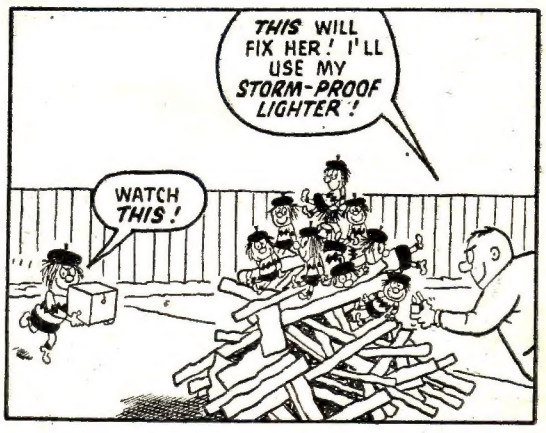

AND MOCKING DOLLIES...
YAH! OLD FATTY! YOU'VE GOT A CHIN FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK!
GRR!
RASP!

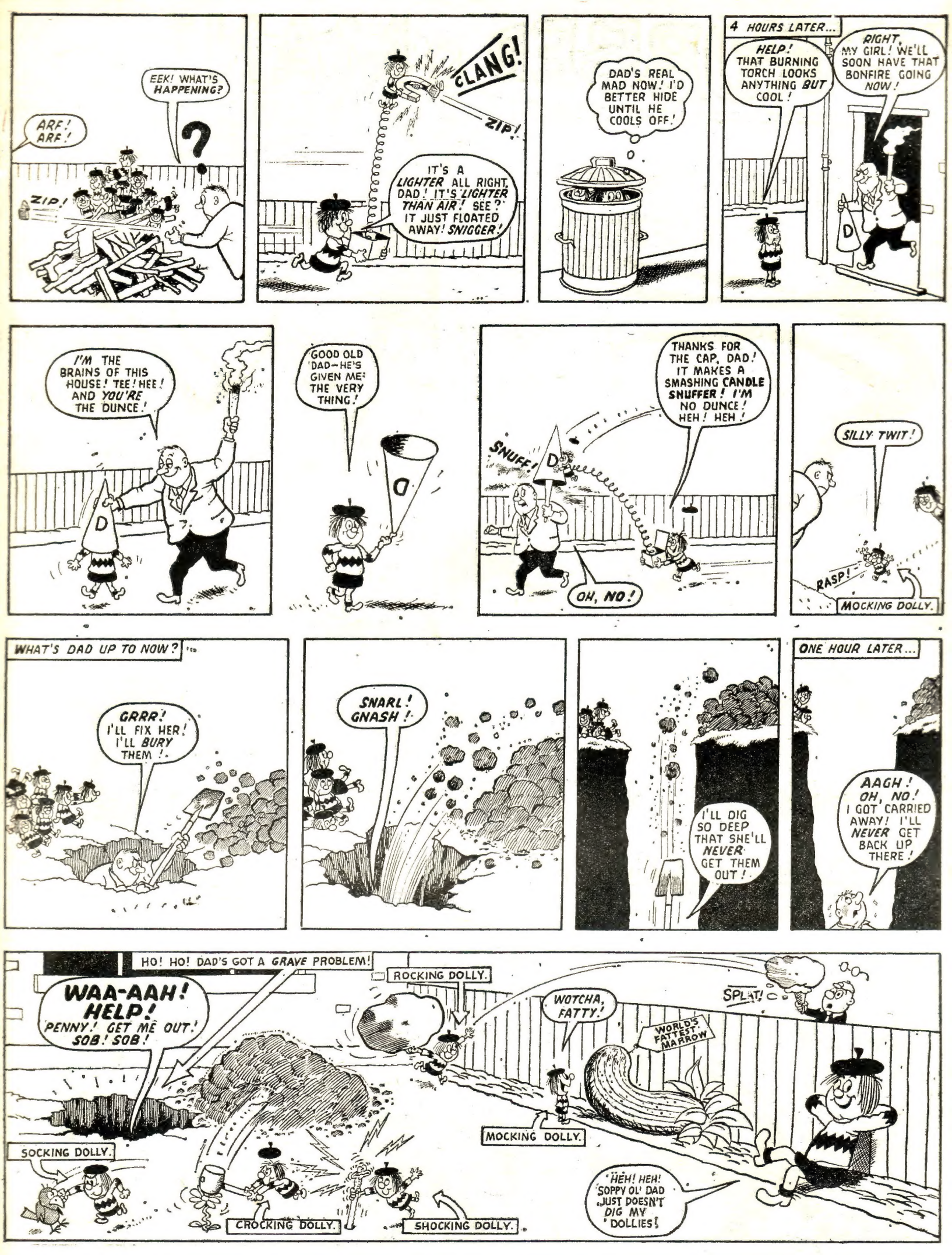

BAH! YOU AND YOUR DOLLS! WELL, YOU WON'T PLAY ANY MORE TRICKS WITH THEM! I'LL DO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN A GOOD TURN AND BURN THE LOT!
B-BURN THEM?
TREMBLE WIV FEAR—PENNY LIVES HERE

SHE WON'T DO ANY MORE MISCHIEF NOW!


HAR! HAR!
ER—AS I WAS SAYING!
PHUT!

COO! YOUR MATCH WENT OUT, DAD!
SIMMERING RAGE!


THIS WILL FIX HER! I'LL USE MY STORM-PROOF LIGHTER!
WATCH THIS!


EEK! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
ARF! ARF!
ZIP!
CLANG!
ZIP!
IT'S A LIGHTER ALL RIGHT, DAD! IT'S LIGHTER THAN AIR! SEE? IT JUST FLOATED AWAY! SNIGGER!
DAD'S REAL MAD NOW! I'D BETTER HIDE UNTIL HE COOLS OFF!
4 HOURS LATER...
HELP! THAT BURNING TORCH LOOKS ANYTHING BUT COOL!
RIGHT, MY GIRL! WE'LL SOON HAVE THAT BONFIRE GOING NOW!
I'M THE BRAINS OF THIS HOUSE! TEE! HEE! AND YOU'RE THE DUNCE!
GOOD OLD DAD—HE'S GIVEN ME THE VERY THING!
SNUFF!
THANKS FOR THE CAP, DAD! IT MAKES A SMASHING CANDLE SNUFFER! I'M NO DUNCE! HEH! HEH!
OH, NO!
SILLY TWIT!
RASP!
MOCKING DOLLY.
WHAT'S DAD UP TO NOW?
GRRR! I'LL FIX HER! I'LL BURY THEM!
SNARL! GNASH!
I'LL DIG SO DEEP THAT SHE'LL NEVER GET THEM OUT!
ONE HOUR LATER...
AAGH! OH, NO! I GOT CARRIED AWAY! I'LL NEVER GET BACK UP THERE!
HO! HO! DAD'S GOT A GRAVE PROBLEM!
WAA-AAH! HELP! PENNY! GET ME OUT! SOB! SOB!
ROCKING DOLLY.
WOTCHA, FATTY!
SPLAT!
WORLD'S FATTEST MARROW
MOCKING DOLLY.
SOCKING DOLLY.
CROCKING DOLLY.
SHOCKING DOLLY.
HEH! HEH! SOPPY OL' DAD JUST DOESN'T DIG MY DOLLIES!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN A REMOTE REGION OF CANADA, RUBBERMAN BECOMES THE PRISONER OF A SINISTER BEING CALLED THE RAINMAKER...

DESPERATELY, RUBBERMAN STRAINS TO ESCAPE...

IT'S NO USE, RUBBERMAN! IT IS A SPECIAL GLASS — STRONGER THAN STEEL! AN ELEPHANT COULDN'T BURST OUT OF THERE!

LOOK AT HIM! HE'S GOING *CRAZY* TRYING TO GET OUT!

CAN'T SAY I BLAME HIM! HE KNOWS HE'S IN FOR A BAD TIME WHEN THE MASTER IS READY!

ELSEWHERE IN THE TEMPLE OF THE RAINMAKER...

IT IS DONE, RAINMAKER!

GOOD! WE HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME TO SEE IF THE HELMET WORKS. NOW WE HAVE A *GUINEA PIG* ON WHICH TO TEST IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

PLACE THE HELMET UPON THE PRISONER!

HE HAS EXHAUSTED HIMSELF TO THE POINT OF COLLAPSE!

GOOD! IT WILL MAKE IT EASIER FOR US TO FIT ON THE HELMET!

TEST THE POWER OF THE HELMET! SEE IF IT WORKS!

NOW, DOG! *COME HERE!*

SEE! THE HELMET HAS TURNED HIM INTO A MINDLESS SLAVE! NOW WE TAKE HIM TO THE MASTER!

AS YOU SEE, MASTER, HE DOES EXACTLY AND ONLY WHAT HE IS *TOLD* TO DO!

THEN LEAD HIM AWAY... *TO THE MINE!*

DEEP INSIDE A MINE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

YOU HAVE A NEW HELPER!

AND ONE THAT WILL DO *THREE TIMES* AS MUCH AS EVEN THE STRONGEST OF YOU!

AND SO RUBBERMAN BEGINS HIS KILLING TOIL...

A DOZEN SUCH AS HIM... AND EVERY OUNCE OF GOLD WOULD BE DUG OUT OF HERE WITHIN A WEEK!

DAY AFTER DAY HE WILL TOIL... *UNTIL HE DROPS!*

THAT NIGHT...

YOU CAN HEAR HIS PICK STILL!

THOSE DEVILS AREN'T EVEN GOING TO LET HIM REST... NOT EVEN FOR AN HOUR!

HE CAME TO TRY AND SAVE US! AND THIS IS HIS REWARD!

IT IS THAT HELMET THING THEY PUT ON HIM. HE NO LONGER HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN!

YOU THERE! *DISPERSE!* GET TO YOUR HOMES!

ALL NIGHT LONG RUBBERMAN TOILS...

HE MAKES ME TIRED JUST TO *LOOK* AT HIM!

THEN LET'S SNATCH SOME SLEEP. WE KNOW *WE* WON'T STOP WORKING! WHY *BOTHER* ABOUT GUARDING HIM?

THE SLEEPING GUARDIANS DO NOT SEE THE CRACK THAT SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE ROOF OF THE SHAFT...

NEXT WEEK'S THUNDERING INSTALMENT BRINGS A NEW AND TERRIFYING DANGER — WITH RUBBERMAN HELPLESS!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

NO DINNER FOR YOU, MY LAD! YOU'LL STAY IN YOUR ROOM! MAYBE IT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO PUT CURRY POWDER IN MY TOBACCO!

HEH! HEH! I WON'T STARVE - NOT WHILE I HAVE MY TELLY!

EAT NUTTY CHOC! IT'S SCRUMPTIOUS!

COO! I JUST FANCY THAT!

FIRST COURSE COMING UP!

SWIPE!

NYLON ROPE - STRONGER THAN STEEL - GET SOME TODAY!

HUH! THAT'S NO GOOD - I CAN'T EAT ROPE! MUNCH! MUNCH!

YEOW! WAIT A MINUTE - THAT'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

HEH! HEH! I'LL HAVE SOME OF THAT, IF YOU DON'T MIND! HEH! HEH!

HEH! HEH! THIS NYLON ROPE'S JUST THE JOB! NOW I CAN EAT MY DIN IN THE PARK!

BUT...

HELP! THAT'S CHARLIE! WHAT'S HE UP TO?

THE LITTLE RASCAL MUST HAVE GOT HOLD OF SOME ROPE!

YIKES! DAD MUST'VE SPOTTED ME! I'M OFF!

GRRR! COME HERE, CHARLIE! YOU CAN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH TO GET AWAY FROM ME!

USE JAMMAY WHEN YOU'RE STUCK FOR A GOOD GLUE! HALLO! LOOKS LIKE CHARLIE COULD DO WITH SOME!

YOU GET A LITTLE STICKIER EACH DAY, WITH LUVVERLY JAMMAY!

AAGH!

AAGH! I'M STUCK! I CAN'T MOVE!

HO! HO! GOOD OLD TELLY - YOU'VE SAVED MY BACON AGAIN!

HAVE YOU GOT A STICKY PROBLEM? LET GONN SOLVE IT. DISSOLVES GLUE IN A JIFFY!

OH, NO! THAT ADVERT HAS CHANGED! STOP IT! YOU CLOT! STOP IT!

GRR! JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU!

SORRY CHARLIE! HOW WAS I TO KNOW? MAYBE THE NEXT ADVERT WILL HELP YOU! GULP!

I'M CANNONBALL PEA! NOBODY WANTS ME! I'M TOO BIG AND UGLY!

YEAH! HOPPIT, CANNONBALL! WE DON'T WANT YOU! HEE! HEE!

ERK!

AAGH! I'VE STOOD ON A PEA!

SLIP!

COO! IT'S CANNONBALL PEA! HOW DID HE GET OUT HERE?

AAGH! HELP! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! GET ME DOWN!

HO! HO! I CAN RELAX! DAD CAN'T CHASE ME NOW! GOOD OLD CANNONBALL!

INSIDE THE TELLY...

BLUSH!

GOSH! SHUCKS! WANTED AT LAST!

LATER...

HO! HO! I'D BE LOST WITHOUT THE COMMERCIALS! 'BEST DINNER' I'VE EVER HAD!

FISH AND CHIPS COMING UP, CHARLIE!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

LAST ISSUE, WHILE ON A MAD RAMPAGE, *THE INCREDIBLE HULK* RAN AMOK IN NEW YORK... TRYING TO FIND *THE AVENGERS*... TO DESTROY THEM FOR TURNING AGAINST HIM! ONLY THE FABULOUS *FANTASTIC FOUR* STAND BETWEEN THE HULK AND UTTER CARNAGE! BUT, ONE BY ONE, THE F.F. FIND THEMSELVES OUT OF ACTION, BECAUSE....

... REED RICHARDS, *MR. FANTASTIC*, BECOMES DANGEROUSLY ILL DUE TO A NEAR-FATAL VIRUS ATTACK, AND IS UNABLE TO USE HIS AWESOME POWERS!

WHAT?!! YOU DARE ATTACK ME *AGAIN*... AFTER I'VE BEATEN YOU BEFORE? *THIS* TIME I'LL SHOW YOU NO MERCY!!

SUE STORM, *THE INVISIBLE GIRL*, FINDS HER INVISIBLE-ENERGY WEAPON FAR TOO WEAK TO COPE WITH THE TITANIC HULK!

JOHNNY STORM, *THE HUMAN TORCH*, IS IN HOSPITAL DUE TO INJURIES HE RECEIVED WHEN HE FEARLESSLY TACKLED THE HULK ALONE! AND SO...ONLY *THE THING* REMAINS TO CARRY ON THE DESPERATE FIGHT...

WITH ONE SMASHING BLOW-- WITH THE FORCE OF A PILE-DRIVER, THE HULK'S HUGE FIST DRIVES HIS SMALLER FOE RIGHT THROUGH THE PAVEMENT BENEATH THEIR FEET!

BUT, LIKE A HUMAN FIGHTING MACHINE, THE INDOMITABLE *THING* DETERMINES TO TURN EVERY SETBACK INTO AN ADVANTAGE...

THANKS, MEATHEAD! THIS LITTLE REST IS JUST WHAT I *NEEDED!*

BELIEVING HE HAS DEFEATED THE THING, THE INCREDIBLE HULK SAVAGELY TURNS AWAY... BUT, IN ONE FINAL, DESPERATE ATTEMPT, THE STRONGEST OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR ATTACKS AGAIN...

UNFORGETTABLY WRITTEN IN THE GRAND MANNER BY: STAN LEE

POWERFULLY DRAWN IN THE HEROIC MANNER BY: JACK KIRBY

© Marvel Comic Group 1966.

HOPE HE'S STILL *UP* THERE! AS SOON AS I CRUSH THIS SOFT ROCK INTO POWDER, I'LL HAVE A LITTLE *SURPRISE* FOR 'IM!

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE, CUDDLES!

WHA--? CAN'T *SEE!*

AND NOW, OUTTA THE KINDNESS OF MY HEART, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A LITTLE *BOXIN' LESSON!* DON'T GO *'WAY*-- PAY ATTENTION TO TEACHER!

OOOF!

IT'S *AMAZING!* THE *THING* MUST BE FIGHTING ON SHEER *COURAGE* ALONE! BUT HE JUST WON'T QUIT!

GOOD THING THEY'RE BATTLING IN A CONDEMNED NEIGHBOURHOOD! THEY'RE SAVING THE WRECKERS A LOT OF WORK!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN! THE THING IS STILL KEEPING THE HULK AT BAY!

AND, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, THE PROBING EYE OF THE TV CAMERA BRINGS THE EPIC BATTLE TO A BREATHLESSLY WATCHING WORLD!

USING A SUDDEN SURPRISE ATTACK, THE *THING* GAINED A TEMPORARY ADVANTAGE! BUT NOW, THE PROBLEM IS-- HOW LONG CAN THAT VALIANT MEMBER OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR SURVIVE THE HULK'S RAMPAGING *COUNTER-ATTACK??*

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *OTHER* THREE F.F. MEMBERS?? WHY DON'T *THEY* JOIN THE FIGHT??

TO ANSWER THE TV TECHNICIAN'S QUESTION, WE RETURN TO THE F.F. HEADQUARTERS, WHERE WE FIND...

BEN *CAN'T* HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER! I'VE *GOT* TO GO TO HIM-- *GOT TO--*

YOU *CAN'T*, REED! YOU'RE BURNING WITH FEVER! YOU NEED MEDICAL HELP-- RIGHT *NOW!*

THERE HE IS, BOYS! GET HIM ON THE STRETCHER!

GOOD THING HE'S SO WEAK! WE'D NEVER BE *ABLE TO HOLD* HIM OTHERWISE!

LET ME *GO!* BEN *NEEDS* ME! I CAN'T FAIL HIM! I CAN'T--

STAY BACK, MA'AM! *WE'LL* HANDLE HIM! HE'S GETTING DELIRIOUS! TOO WEAK TO RESIST!

LET'S *GO!* HE NEEDS AN OXYGEN TENT! HE'S HAVING TROUBLE BREATHING!

YOU MUSTN'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM!--OH, REED, MY DARLING--

WE'LL DO OUR BEST, MA'AM!

LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL...

THESE ARE THE SERUMS REED WAS WORKING ON... TRYING TO CHANGE THE THING BACK TO HIS NORMAL FORM!

REED RICHARDS TOOK HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS WORKING WITH SUCH POTENT CHEMICALS! I'M NOT THE SCIENTIST *HE* IS-- I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THESE TO THE LAB, FOR ANALYSIS!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOSPITAL...

WHO'S THE MYSTERY PATIENT, NURSE? WHY THE ASBESTOS SCREENS?

DIDN'T YOU *HEAR?* IT'S THE *HUMAN TORCH!* HE WAS BROUGHT IN UNDER SEDATION, AFTER BATTLING THAT DREADFUL *HULK!*

AT THAT MOMENT, THE GROGGY TEEN-AGER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

OHHH, MY HEAD! SAY--WHAT *HAPPENED??* WHERE AM I???

WAIT! NOW I REMEMBER! THE *HULK*-- HE WAS FIGHTING WITH *BEN!* BEN *NEEDED* ME! I CAN'T FAIL HIM--

FLAME ON!

ASBESTOS PAJAMAS! CAN'T BURN THEM OFF-- BUT THEY'LL CRAMP MY STYLE!

I'LL NEED ALL MY SPEED --ALL MY SKILL --AGAINST THE *HULK!*

NO TIME TO REMOVE THE ASBESTOS BANDAGE! I'LL WORRY ABOUT IT LATER!

I JUST HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

OOOHH... STILL WEAK--CAN'T FLY TOO FAR WITHOUT RESTING!

BUT I'VE *GOT* TO KEEP GOING! IF-- IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO BEN--!

FINALLY...

LOOK! IT'S THE *TORCH!*

HOLD ON, BEN-- *HOLD ON!* I'M COMING--

THANK GOSH! HE'S STILL ON HIS FEET! STILL FIGHTING!

WELL, HE WON'T HAVE TO BATTLE *ALONE* NOW! I'LL HELP HIM IF IT *KILLS* ME!

GOT TO USE MY HEAD--MAKE MY FLAME LAST! I'LL SHOOT TINY FIREBALLS AT THE EDGE OF THE BUILDING, TURNING THE BRICKS INTO SMALL, FLAMING MISSILES!

AWWW, TORCHY BOY! STAY OUT OF IT, KID! NOTHIN' BUT *MUSCLE* IS GONNA BEAT THAT CRUMB-BUM!

THE TORCH! DON'T YOU FOOLS EVER KNOW WHEN TO QUIT?!!

YOUR FLAME DOESN'T FRIGHTEN *ME!* BUT IF YOU THINK IT'LL GIVE THE *THING* A BREATHER, YOU'RE *WRONG!*

YOU ALL THINK I'M JUST A MASS OF MUSCLE--THINK I HAVEN'T ANY BRAINS!

WELL, *THIS* WILL PROVE THE *HULK* IS AS SMART AS *ANY* OF YOU!

WATCH YOURSELF, KID! HE'S USIN' THAT HYDRANT LIKE A GIANT *WATER GUN*, TRYIN' TO DOUSE YOUR FLAME!

RELAX, BENJAMIN! HE'LL HAVE TO BE A LOT FASTER THAN *THAT* TO STOP ME!

BUT, WHILE I'M UP HERE, I'LL JUST MELT THE TOP OF THAT BUILDING A LITTLE, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

ALTHOUGH THE FALLING PILE OF BRICKS AND MORTAR COMPLETELY BURIES THE TWISTED HYDRANT, THE INCREDIBLE *HULK* MERELY BRUSHES THE RUBBLE ASIDE AND ENLARGES AGAIN, MORE WRATHFUL THAN EVER!

YOUR FLAME WILL DIE OUT SOON, AND WHEN IT DOES--I'LL *FINISH* YOU!

LOOK, BIG FELLA! YOU *PROVED* YOUR POINT! WE *KNOW* YOU'RE NOT A 97-POUND WEAKLING! NOW WHY DON'T YOU CALM DOWN AND LET'S TALK THIS OVER...??

NO! YOU'RE TRYING TO *TRICK* ME--LIKE THE *AVENGERS* DID! BUT WHEN MY GUARD IS DOWN, YOU'LL *ATTACK!* WELL, IT WON'T WORK!

THE *HULK* WILL NEVER TRUST ANYONE EVER AGAIN! I'VE BEEN BETRAYED BY EVERYONE I'VE EVER KNOWN--BUT NO MORE! FROM NOW ON, THE *HULK* STRIKES FIRST--

--LIKE *THIS!*

SO UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL, SO INCREDIBLY SHATTERING IS THE IMPACT, THAT THE VERY *CONCUSSION* HURLS BOTH THE THING AND THE TORCH HELPLESSLY INTO THE AIR, AS THE EARTH FOR MILES AROUND TREMBLES AND SHUDDERS!

AND THEN, AS SOON AS THE STAGGERING VIBRATIONS CEASE...

THAT *DID* IT! THEY'LL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO STOP THE HULK ALONE! WE'VE *GOT* TO STEP IN! *ALERT ALL UNITS!*

THE ARTILLERY IS IN POSITION, SIR! THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOUR COMMAND!

THEY'RE IN FIRING POSITION! ZEROING IN ON THE HULK! THIS IS *IT!*

FIRE!

BUT ONCE AGAIN THE INCREDIBLE HULK STARTLES THOSE WHO OPPOSE HIM, BY DOING THE TOTALLY UNEXPECTED! HOLDING HIS GARGANTUAN HANDS IN FRONT OF HIM, LIKE A BASEBALL OUTFIELDER, HE REACHES OUT--GRABBING THE DEADLY SHELL IN A GRIP OF STEEL...

THEN, WITHOUT STOPPING, IN ONE SMOOTH, CONTINUOUS MOTION, HE SPINS AROUND, USING THE MOMENTUM OF THE HURTLING SHELL TO HELP PROPEL HIS GIANT FRAME...

EEEE

© Marvel Comic Group 1968

AND THEN, WITH THE MIGHTY MISSILE STILL SPINNING AND WHIRLING, HE RELEASES IT, SENDING IT PLUMMETING UPWARDS, TOWARD THE ROOFTOPS!

THE *HULK* DOESN'T *NEED* A CANNON IN ORDER TO FIRE A SHELL! THE *HULK* DOESN'T NEED *ANYTHING!!*

SCREEEE

MA! THEY'LL THINK *TWICE* BEFORE THEY FIRE AT *ME* AGAIN!

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...

JOHNNY! *JOHNNY BOY*--SAY SOMETHING! ARE--ARE YA *OKAY??*

SURE, BEN! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! JUST HAVE TO CATCH MY BREATH--JUST A MINUTE MORE...

NOW, YOU STAY *PUT*, KID! YOU'VE *DONE* YOUR SHARE! THE REST IS UP TO *ME*, HEAR?

NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER COME AGAINST ANYONE I COULDN'T POLISH OFF WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND ME! THIS BUSINESS OF BEIN' THE IDOL OF MILLIONS GETS TOUGHER ALL THE TIME!

SAY! WHERE DID HE *GO?* WHERE *IS* THE HULK??

DIDN'T WE TELL YOU, ALL YOU TRUE BELIEVERS, THAT YOU WERE IN FOR A SPECIAL SOMETHING WHEN THE **THING** TANGLED WITH THE **HULK**? AND WEREN'T WE RIGHT?! BECAUSE, UNBELIEVABLE THOUGH IT MAY SEEM, *THERE'S STILL MORE TO COME!* WHAT A PAIR OF FIGHTING HEARTS! WHAT A BATTLE! *WHAT AN ISSUE NEXT WEEK'S IS!*

I WANT YOU

TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME

IN WHAM!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

I'VE GOT A BLOOMIN' GREAT WOODWORM IN MY DESK, SIR!

NONSENSE, BOY! ANYHOW, A LITTLE WOODWORM WON'T HURT YOU!

CLUNK!

THIS WOODWORM ISN'T SMALL, TEACH! SNIGGER!

AAGH!

LICK!

BE BRAVE, SIR! THE SWOTS TO THE RESCUE!

IT ISN'T A REAL WOODWORM! IT'S PETER BLOT'S PET PYTHON!

COO! SO IT IS! MY MISTAKE!

SMIRK!

YAHOO! NOW WE CAN REALLY HAVE FUN TODAY!

HEH! HEH! THE SWOTS ARE ALL TIED UP IN THEIR WORK!

AND THE FIRST LESSON FOR TODAY IS PEA SHOOTER PRACTICE!

GOOD BOY!

PAT!

HEE! HEE! I ALWAYS KEEP MY PEAS IN THEIR CANS!

WAA-AAH!

CRACK!

STOP!

I USE PEANUTS! SNIGGER!

PUFF!

BOOM!

HEH! HEH! HERE COMES CANNONBALL PEA!

AAGH!

AND FOR OUR NEXT LESSON WE SHALL HAVE WATER PISTOL PRACTICE!

WAAGH!

SPLOSH!

INK CAPSULE REFILLS

SQUIRT!

BLUNDER BUS

GIVE ME SOME MORE WATER SALLY! LET'S GIVE THEM A GOOD BLAST!

AAGH! THAT'S TOO MUCH!

TWIRL!

TWANG!

HELP! HELP! TURN IT OFF!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

AAGH! HELP! IT'S AFTER US NOW!

STOP IT, HOSE! YOU'RE MEANT TO BE ON OUR SIDE! TRAITOR! TRAITOR!

TURN IT BACK ON! HELP!

RAGE!

BASH!

HO! HO! NOW THOSE NASTY LITTLE BLOTS KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE!

WELL! WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING - THEY DON'T NEED ME! THEY'VE GOT A BLOOMING HOSE! BLINKING AUTOMATION! SNIFF!

I'LL GO AND GET MY PIE AND BEANS!

WELL! WELL! THAT SORT OF TURNS THE TABLES!

TRAITOR! TRAITOR!

NOW THEN - I RECKON WE SHOULD HAVE SOME PRACTICE TOO.

CANE PRACTICE!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE US ALIVE!

RETREAT! RETREAT!

HELP, SIR! THEY'RE ESCAPING!

ROTTEN SHOW! BOO! HISS!

??

COME BACK! COME BACK, YOU COWARDS!

OUCH!! MY HEAD!

HEH! HEH! SOON BE OUT OF THIS LITTLE MESS!

WE DON'T LIKE BEING CANED! SNIGGER!

?

BLOGG'S BASKET WORK FACTORY

COO! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'VE LANDED IN A BASKET MACHINE OR SOMETHING!

FACTO

CRASH!

YEOW!

WHIRR!

BLOGG'S CANE BASKETS

BRRRM!

WHY DO THEY MAKE THESE THINGS FROM CANE? GRRR! GRRR!

HO! HO! THEY GOT-ER- CANED AFTER ALL! AND NOW THEY'RE GOING BACK TO SCHOOL FOR SOME MORE!

HO! HO! BRAVO, SIR! JOLLY GOOD SHOW!

LOOK! YOU CAN BE A BIG GAME HUNTER WITH

Jungle safari

THE NEW WEETABIX CHRISTMAS GAME

Yes, you can hunt wild animals—lions and tigers, leopards, rhinos and crocodiles—in the exciting new Weetabix game JUNGLE SAFARI! (And the animals really jump into the air when you hit them!!!) It's your chance to become a crack hunter. You can shoot on your own, or challenge your friends—and the best shot wins!

GET IT FOR CHRISTMAS!

Don't miss it! Ask your Mum to hurry and buy Weetabix... and send for your Jungle Safari Game **NOW!**

To WEETABIX LTD.,
Dept. C11, Burton Latimer, Kettering, Northants.

Please send me ..... set(s) of the Jungle Safari Game. For each set ordered I enclose a p.o. for 5/- and the special offer token from any Weetabix packet.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....

COUNTY.....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Offer only available in U.K. and Eire.
Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

MEET THE BOY WHO DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH...

TUFFY McGREW

COME ON, YOUNG TUFFY— GIVE US ONE OF YER TOFFEES!
BUT I'VE ONLY GOT ONE LEFT!
THEN I'M GOING TO HAVE IT! HAR! HAR! HAR!
YOU ROTTEN, BLOOMIN' ROTTER!
SNATCH!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, 'COS IT'S VERY SPECIAL STRONG TOFFEE WHAT MY MUM MAKES SPECIALLY FOR MY VERY STRONG JAWS!
SLOP!
AW, BALONEY! CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
EEEK! YERK! GULP!
SERVES YOU RIGHT! NOW YOU'RE STUCK GOOD AN' PROPER!
PLEESE HELP ME— I've got to recite— At the SKOOL CO
OH, ALL RIGHT— I'LL SOON GET RID OF IT FOR YOU!
GURK! OUGH! ...ULP!
HEAVE!
URK! UG!
OH, DEAR! THIS IS GOING TO BE MORE DIFFICULT THAN I THOUGHT!
EEK!
THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES!
SWISH!
THIS SHOULD DO IT, WITH ANY LUCK!
WHOO-OOOSH!
ZOOOOM!
OOER! IT LOOKS AS IF THIS CALLS FOR EVEN MORE DRASTIC MEASURES!
MOAN! GROAN!
HANG ON— I'M GOING TO CRACK THIS TOFFEE LIKE A WHIP— THAT SHOULD SHAKE IT OFF!
URK!
CRACK!
YAHOO! I'VE DONE IT!
OH, CRIKEY! I'VE PULLED ALL HIS TEETH OUT! HE'S GOING TO LOOK VERY FUNNY RECITING POETRY AT THE SCHOOL CONCERT WIV NO TEETH! TEE! HEE! HEE!
AT THE SCHOOL CONCERT...
I THAW A THIP A THAILING, UPON THE BRINY BLUE... SPLURT... SPLUTTER... SPLASH!
HAR! HAR! THAT'LL TEACH 'IM TO PINCH MY TOFFEE!

be a SMASHER— write to SMASH!

AND WIN £1

Dear Alf and Cos,
I don't expect this letter will be printed but I just want to point out that the Batropes aren't ropes, they are BatPOLES.
Can you tell me if Rubberman's head is rubber.
Everybody likes the Hulk, including me. Who's side is Rick on, the Avengers or the Incredible Hulk's?
I think that the idea of the POWER PACK is just as good as meeting the Hulk and Batman every week.
Keith Thompson,
Cheltenham, Glos.

Ouch! You've got us in knots over the Bat-rope business, Keith. Every part of Rubberman's body is rubber—including his head.

Rick Jones is a little mixed up at the moment. He thought the Hulk had vanished for keeps and so he teamed up with Captain America of the Avengers. But now the HULK is back on the scene again and poor Rick has problems of divided loyalty.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
According to Smash No. 27, most of your readers are Marvel Mag. fans. So I wondered if anybody could help me out with a copy of Fantastic Four No. 50, dated May. The copy I have is Fantastic Four No. 49, dated April.

Hugh Macmillan,
96a Causeway Street,
Portrush,
Co. Antrim,
N. Ireland.

P.S. I will swop No. 49 for No. 50.

We don't usually print readers' addresses in full, Hugh, but in this instance we'll make an exception. Hope you get your F.F. 50.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Smash,
I started having Smash weekly with issue number twenty-six. I notice that Smash has stayed the same since then, the stories have not changed. I have changed comics lots of times because the stories have changed, and Smash has set up a record because none of the stories have been dropped. It is not the same when new stories are added and I would not really mind if the price of Smash went up a little, but if you drop any stories, I think a lot of people will be angry, so DON'T do it or else!
Stephen Oakden,
Stoke-on-Trent.

You kind of put us on the spot, Stephen. We like our characters too, and we're not looking to change any of them. But suppose something even better comes along. What then?

Alf and Cos.

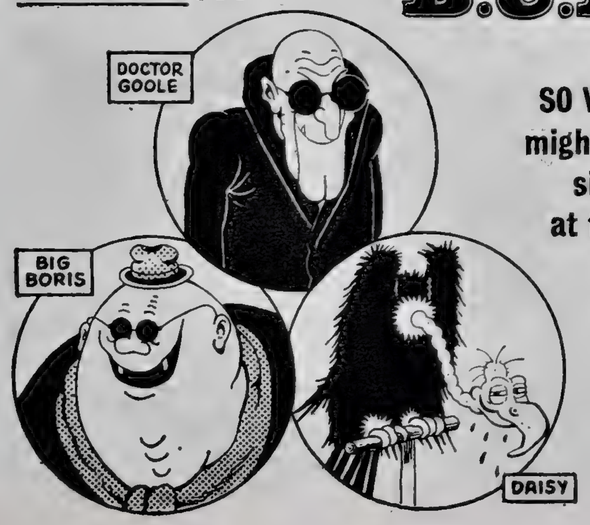
Dear Alf and Cos,
All the girls and boys at our school "Leon Preparatory" agree that Smash is absolutely tops. How do we know? We took a "gallup poll" at playtime one day last week. And there wasn't any feature, including the Hulk, that we didn't like! So we object to your coupon asking us which feature we like. So there!
Wamahdri Williams,
Freetown, Sierra Leone.

All we can say is that we're sorry for asking fool questions. And we hereby award you the Highest Order of the Keeper of the Flame for Sierra Leone.

Alf and Cos.

P.S. can we be friends again now?

EVERYBODY LOVES THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. EXCEPT...



SO WATCH OUT! Your ribs might get cracked—or your sides split WITH LAUGHTER— at the start of a great 2-page adventure starring ... THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

in SMASH!

NEXT WEEK!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE GETTING RID OF YOUR MONEY! I COULD GET RID OF IT EASILY!
O.K., SWOTTY! GO AHEAD THEN. HERE IT IS! LET'S SEE YOU DO BETTER!
LATER...
SEE? I'VE BOUGHT A BULL!
PUFF!
SNORT!
HUH! THAT STILL LEAVES PLENTY OF MONEY!
DON'T BE IMPATIENT, RON! JUST WATCH THIS!
YE OLDE CHINA SHOPPE
TAP! TAP!
SNORT! SNORT!
AAGH! A BULL IN MY CHINA SHOP! SOMEONE WILL PAY FOR THIS!
SNORT!
SNORT!
CRASH!
WITH PLEASURE! HERE YOU ARE! 97 POUNDS YOU SAID, DIDN'T YOU?
COO! IT'S WORKING! I WONDER HOW HE'LL GET RID OF THE REST?
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
Jewellers
HE IS GOING TO GET A NEW RING FOR HIS NOSE NOW! SNIGGER!
COO! AND THAT JEWELLER'S IS JUST THE PLACE! HEH! HEH!
HELP!
CRUNCH!
AIEE! A BULL! SOMEONE WILL PAY FOR THIS!
OF COURSE, SWOTTY DOES...
£264! THERE! WITH PLEASURE, SIR!
NOT MUCH LEFT NOW! GOOD OLD SWOTTY!
COO! HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL THIS TIME! ONLY GOT A FIVER LEFT!

2! FRANTIC MILES LATER...
G-GOSH! LOOK AT ME! I'M A SLIM, HANDSOME YOUNG THING AGAIN! I'VE ALWAYS SAID I WOULD GIVE A THOUSAND QUID TO BE THIN AGAIN AND THAT CHASE HAS DONE IT! I MUST REWARD THAT BULL'S OWNER!

NEWS FROM THE FLOOR OF 64

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

★ ★

Just in case some of you are fearing that we've forgotten what we said about giving THING sweatshirts away to WHAM letter-writers, we haven't. Far from forgetting it, the fact that we haven't yet made good that promise is keeping us awake at nights. So, for those of you who are wondering what's happening, we will here and now bring you up to date. The sweatshirts have to come to us from Marvelsville (sometimes known as New York), and when a Hulk-sized package arrived during the week we all stopped biting our finger-nails, thinking the long suspense-ful wait was over at last. When we broke open the package, it was full of THING sweatshirts, sure enough—but they were all extra-large size! So we've sent an S.O.S. for some small and medium sizes and as soon as we get them we'll be distributing them among the faithful. Now you know as much as we do. And you've no idea how much better we feel having owned up and got that confession off our chests!

This week ends the first clash between the Fantastic Four and Doctor Doom. And now you've met the Deadly Doctor what do you think of him? If you haven't yet succumbed to his chilly charm, don't fret—'cos he'll get you in the end! He'll be in action again next week, and female fans may like to take note of the fact that in this adventure the Devilish Doctor will be teamed up with that under-water dream-boat, Sub-Mariner! And if you think that sounds like a good story you'd be so right!

Did you notice anything different about the front cover this week? Because if you didn't we might as well all go home and watch television! We're talking about the new "Power-Comic" stamp that's on the front of every issue. And, as from this moment, we hereby promote each and every one of you Keepers of the Flame to full *Membership* of the POWER PACK! It's an exciting life!

A POWER COMIC

Meet Twenty Proud Power-Pack People.

Andrew Nutley, Fairlight, Sussex; Graham Maddox, Liverpool; Terry Flavin, Cardiff; Michael Biddlecomb, Blandford, Dorset; Graham Buckley, Stoke-on-Trent; Steven Phillips, Smethwick, Staffs.; John Carter, Coventry; Steven Winter, Streatham; Ann Hazelton, Lewisham; Michael Pound, Wakeheld; Isabel Smith, Ipswich; Barbara Palmer, Hull; E. J. Shaw, Nottingham; Stephen Fry, Bristol; Anthony Holmes, Norwich; S. Bonfield, Halifax; Stephen Knight, Catford, London; Martin Palmer, N. Walsham, Norfolk; Paul Neilson, Cradley Heath, Staffs.; Jerome O'Brien, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Any Knowall who can click his fingers can do this very effective trick.

All you need is an empty paper bag and about two minutes practice to get it perfect. Holding the bag in front of you with your thumb on the outside, and the second finger from your thumb on the inside edge, you ask your mates to look inside.

When they've all seen it contains nothing but fresh air, just dip in your free hand and bring it out closed—as though gripping something.

You now pretend to throw what you are holding into the air, and hold out the bag to catch it. A second later, you click the thumb and second finger holding the bag. This will make a loud click and cause the bag to jump. It looks and sounds as though something has really fallen into the bag. Practise it in front of a mirror and see for yourself.

Anyone got a £1 note? Never mind, a 10/- note will do equally well.

Fold it as shown in Fig. 1. and bet anyone the note they can't balance a penny on the folded edge.

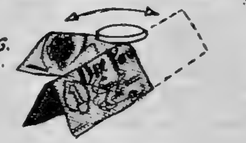
Here's the secret . . .

First you fold the note as in Fig. 2., and place a penny on the corner.

Now take the ends of the note and slowly open it out to its original shape. Careful—and the penny will stay balanced on the edge, says Knowall Alan Fyles of Slough.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.



CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

Bungle is in Sicily this week. He has found the hideout of a band of terrorist brigands—but now they are after him with tracker dogs. The hounds are bound to lead the bandits to Bungle before he can reach safety—unless. . .

Yes, there is one way he can escape—and the clue is in the picture. Can *you* see what it is, and help our agent escape? If you give up, the answer is below.

FIGURE THIS ?–

The idea works just like a crossword. You fill in the blank squares to complete the sums. Can you do it? If not the answer is below.

	−	2	=	
+		−		+
3	+		=	
=		=		=
	+	0	=	11

If you're ever stumped for a game on these long, winter evenings, try playing this one with your mum or your mate.

Lay 15 matches side by side. One player sits at either end. Now, taking turns, take as many matches under THREE as you please from your respective ends of the row.

The winner of each game is the player who does not have to take the last match.

CLOSE UP!

Raise your forefingers together to eye-level and hold them about ½ inch apart.

Now ask a mate to move one of his fingers in a circle in front of your forefingers.

Slowly, they will close up together!

EXCLUSIVE STORY!

DID YOU SAVE B.U.N.G.L.E.?

See that lemon tree? Bungle scrumps a load of lemons from it, and keeps smearing his shoes and trousers with lemon juice. The dogs are completely thrown off his trail by the strong acid scent.

MAGIC MONEY-BOX

Yup, it's magic all right—it changes halfpennies into shillings at the shake of your hand. Or, at least, so it seems. But here's the trick . . . Cut a slit in one end of the tray of an empty matchbox, so that a halfpenny will slide through easily. Replace the tray half way into the cover (slit end first) and, at this end, wedge a shilling between the tray and the cover.

Now, with the box half open as shown in the drawing, you are ready to perform the trick.

Show your audience the half-opened box and drop in a halfpenny. Close the box and give it a sharp shake. When you open the box the halfpenny has gone—and in its place is a shining shilling!

What happened was that the halfpenny slid out into your hand as you closed the box. And your shake caused the shilling to drop down into its place.

Thanks to Diane Finn of Romford for this fab. trick.

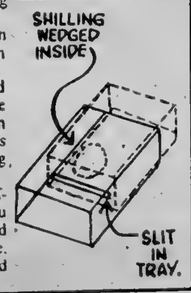


FIGURE THIS ?— ANSWER

Easy when you know how, isn't it? Try making up Number X-words of your own for your mates to do. You can, of course, increase the number of squares and make it much harder.

8	−	2	=	6
+		−		+
3	+	2	=	5
=		=		=
//	+	0	=	//

A farmer had a hen, a bucket of corn and a dog. He wanted to cross a river but the boat would only take *one* other thing besides himself. He dare not leave the dog and hen together as the dog would kill the hen. And he couldn't leave the hen and corn together as the hen would gobble the corn.

HOW DID HE CROSS?

First the farmer took the hen. Then he went back for the corn. On his way back for the dog he took the hen with him. He put the hen down on the other side and he took the dog across. Then he went back for the hen, again—*Phew!*

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS

...THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO OLYMPUS, LEGENDARY HOME OF THE GREEK GODS, WHERE THEY SEEK THE CROWN OF ZEUS. BUT THEY HAVE NOW BEEN DISCOVERED BY TWO OF THE TITANS...THE AWESOME, TERRIBLE GIANTS, BEFORE WHOM EVEN THE GODS OF OLYMPUS SHOW FEAR!

THEY CROUCH BEHIND A GREAT BOULDER—A BOULDER WHICH, TO THE TITANS, IS NO LARGER THAN A *PEBBLE!*

UNLESS WE CAN FIND A BETTER HIDING-PLACE WE SHALL BE DISCOVERED! *AND THESE GIANT CREATURES ARE MERCILESS SAVAGES!*

UPON THEIR EARS FALLS A SOUND LIKE THE ROAR OF THUNDER AS THE TITAN CALLS TO HIS COMPANION...

HELP ME CATCH THESE IMPUDENT MORTALS!

COMING!—IT WILL BE A PLEASURE!

FOR A BRIEF INSTANT, AS THE TWO GIANTS SPEAK, THEIR EYES ARE ON EACH OTHER! AND IN THAT INSTANT, ROLLO TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE!

QUICKLY, DANNY! *IN HERE!*

IT—IT'S THE SECOND TITAN'S BELT POUCH!

YES—AND IT'S ALSO THE ONLY PLACE *IN WHICH WE CAN BE OUT OF SIGHT!*

THEY *MUST* BE HERE SOMEWHERE!

THEN THE GROUND TREMBLES BENEATH THE APPROACH OF A *THIRD* TITAN!

CRONUS! THEMIS! COME QUICKLY! THE ATTACK ON ZEUS IS TO BE MADE THIS VERY DAY!

ROLLO AND DANNY ARE FORGOTTEN...

SO! THE TIME HAS COME AT LAST! THE MOMENT WHEN PROUD ZEUS SHALL FEEL THE MIGHT OF THE TITANS!

...AND A GREAT HAND PICKS UP THE BELT POUCH...

...AND STRAPS IT ROUND A MASSIVE WAIST!

THE THREE TITANS HASTEN AWAY...UNAWARE THAT THEY CARRY WITH THEM ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS!

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO *ZEUS!* SO THE WORDS OF PROTEUS ARE COMING TRUE AFTER ALL! HE SAID WE'D BE TAKEN TO *ZEUS!*

BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO BE IN THIS FASHION!

AT THE EDGE OF A FOREST OF TOWERING TREES THE TITANS GATHER.

LOOK WELL UPON YONDER WALLS—FOR WITHIN THEM DWELLS OUR ENEMY—**ZEUS!** IN LESS THAN AN HOUR DARKNESS WILL FALL! *AND THEN WE SHALL ATTACK!*

AND MIGHTY ZEUS SHALL SHIVER BEFORE OUR FURY!

THE GIANTS LIE DOWN TO WAIT IMPATIENTLY FOR DARKNESS TO DESCEND...EACH BUSY WITH HIS SAVAGE THOUGHTS!

ONLY WHEN THE TITANS ARE LEFT FAR BEHIND DO THEY DEEM IT SAFE TO SPEAK AGAIN.

NOW AT LAST WE KNOW WHERE *ZEUS* MAY BE FOUND! NOW WE—

SSH! THERE IS SOMEONE MOVING THROUGH THE TREES!

BUT FOR ROLLO AND DANNY *IT IS THE TIME FOR ACTION!*

THIS MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE! BUT WE MUST BE *QUIET* ABOUT IT!

THEIR PRESENCE UNSUSPECTED BY THE RESTING TITANS, THEY STEAL AWAY.

THEY STAND LIKE STATUES, HEARTS BEATING WILDLY AS THEY WATCH THE MOVING FIGURE!

WHOEVER HE IS, HE COULDN'T HAVE SEEN US—BECAUSE HE HAD HIS BACK TURNED TO US ALL THE TIME!

DANNY HAS NEVER MADE A GREATER MISTAKE IN HIS LIFE! FOR THIS IS *JANUS*... *THE ONE WHO CAN LOOK IN TWO DIRECTIONS AT THE SAME TIME!*

NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT IS A REAL SPECIAL! WE SINCERELY HOPE YOU DON'T MISS IT, BECAUSE THIS IS ONE YOU REALLY DESERVE!

The Finest Annuals You've Ever Seen!

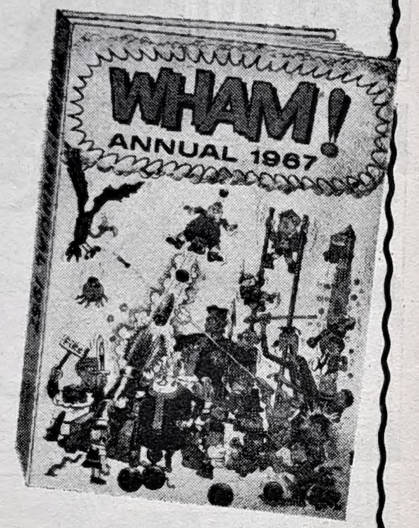
PACKED WITH THRILLS AND FUN

PERFECT FOR XMAS!

Hurry—make sure of yours NOW!

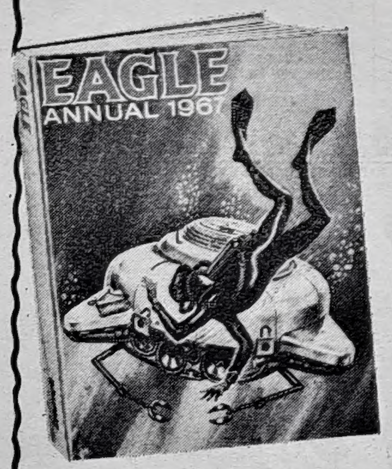
SMASH! ANNUAL 1967

Here's the super ENTIRELY NEW annual that's a MUST for every *Smash!* reader—see that YOU get it! You'll find it's packed with picture-strips featuring the exciting and hilarious adventures of Ronnie Rich, Grimly Feendish, Bad Penny, Charlie's Choice, Percy's Pets, and many more of the fascinating characters who appear regularly in your *Smash!* comic. 96 pages, 48 of them in sparkling full colour. **Only 8/6**



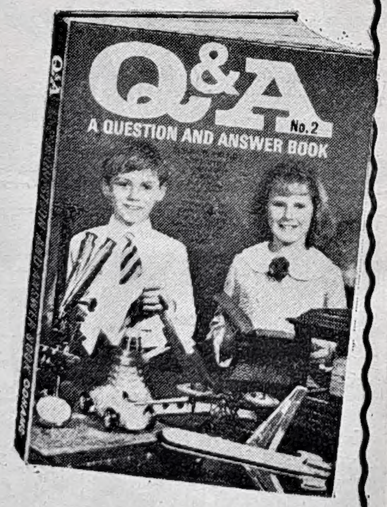
WHAM! ANNUAL 1967

Even BETTER than last year—this sparkling new edition of a very popular annual! Bulging with exciting and amusing picture-strips featuring fresh adventures of such well known *Wham!* characters as Eagle-Eye, The Wacks, Danny Dare, Georgie's Germs, General Nitt and his Barmy Army, Frankie Stein, and many more. 96 pages, including 48 pages in brilliant full colour. **Only 8/6**



EAGLE ANNUAL 1967

This better-than-ever edition is packed with exciting long stories as well as splendid strips featuring such favourite *Eagle* characters as Heros the Spartan, Dan Dare, Blackbow the Cheyenne, The Iron Man, Cornelius Dimworthy, and many others. AND there are special features on climbing, cycling, fishing, football and other fascinating topics. 128 lavishly illustrated pages, including 32 pages in brilliant full colour. **Only 12/6**



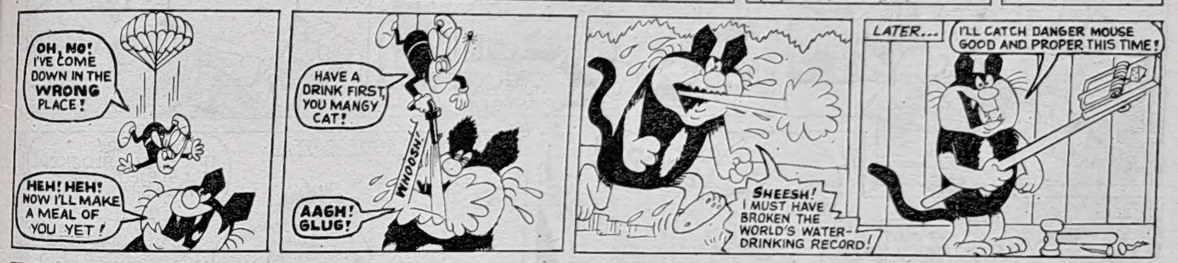
Q & A No. 2

Here's a wonderful NEW edition of the popular annual that provides hours and hours of fun and interest! Test your knowledge—see how much your chums know—with this entertaining and instructive collection of word-and-picture quizzes and puzzles covering such exciting subjects as space travel, films, sports and pastimes, animals, science, foreign countries, history and lots more. 80 pages, illustrated in colour throughout. **Only 10/6**

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS

DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT


OH, NO! I'VE COME DOWN IN THE WRONG PLACE!
HEH! HEH! NOW I'LL MAKE A MEAL OF YOU YET!
HAVE A DRINK FIRST YOU MANGY CAT!
WHOOSH!
AAGH! GLUG!
SHEESH! I MUST HAVE BROKEN THE WORLD'S WATER-DRINKING RECORD!
LATER...
I'LL CATCH DANGER MOUSE GOOD AND PROPER THIS TIME!

THE NERVS

GOSH! MY LEFT EAR IS ALL BLOCKED UP, I CAN'T HEAR A BLOOMING THING!

YEAH-YEAH-YEAH

IN FATTY'S EAR...

HEAR OLE KEEP CLEAR OF OBSTRUCT-IONS

WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO KEEP OUT THAT HORRIBLE MUSIC!

FINEST QUALITY EAR WAX

YEAH! GREAT STUFF WAX! SNIGGER!

I EXPECT MY EAR'S BLOCKED WITH WAX! I'LL SEE IF I CAN FREE IT!

BUT...

THE FAT CLOT! HE'S NO MATCH FOR US, WE'VE MADE SURE HIS FINGER DOESN'T EVEN *REACH* THE WAX!

BEST MACARONI on loan from Stomach Dept.

PROBE!

TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD

FATTY'S FINGER

BUT FATTY'S NOT GIVING UP YET...

OH, DEAR! IT'S *STILL* BLOCKED! I'LL SEE IF THIS OIL WILL SHIFT IT!

AAGH! HELP! THE ROTTER! HE'S SENT IN SOME OIL AND I CAN'T SWIM!

S·O·S

EEK! BLUB! GASP! SAVE ME!

S·O·S

BE BRAVE, ERNIE! THIS OLD *EAR DRUM* MAKES A SMASHING LIFE BELT! I'LL HAVE YOU SAFE IN A JIFFY!

OH, NO! LISTEN TO IT! THE OIL'S EATING AWAY AT THE WAX! WHAT CAN WE DO?

MUNCH! CRUNCH! NOSH! CHEW! GNAW! CHOMP! GNASH!

S·O·S

LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL SOON GET RID OF IT

WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT THERE?

TUG!

CHOMP! CRUNCH! GNAW! NOSH! MUNCH!

HEH! HEH! IT'S THE EAR PLUG! I'VE PULLED IT OUT!

PLOP!

THERE SHE GOES! THE WAY IS SAFE NOW!

TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD

GLOOP! GURGLE! SLOOP!

THE OIL IS GOING DOWN THE PLUG HOLE! SNIGGER! *SNIGGER!*

BAH! THAT OIL DIDN'T WORK EITHER! I'M *STILL* HALF DEAF!

BASH! BUMP!

YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY AROUND WITH YOUR EARS! YOU SHOULDN'T *HAVE* TO CLEAN THEM! CHEWING CLEANS THEM! NATURE DOES IT *FOR* YOU!

COO! IS THAT RIGHT?

NOW FOR A GOOD CHEW! I'LL SEE IF MUM'S RIGHT!

CHOINK! MUNCH! SLURP! CRONK! CHEW! CHOMP!

IN FATTY'S MOUTH...

MOUTH

GRRR! LISTEN TO THAT RACKET!

CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!

GRRR! I'VE JUST HEARD IT'S THOSE TWO BLINKING EAR NERVS AGAIN — THEY'VE BLOCKED FATTY'S EAR BECAUSE THEY DON'T LIKE POP MUSIC ANY MORE, AND FATTY'S PLAYING IT ON HIS WIRELESS!

GRRR! WE'RE NOT GOING TO LISTEN TO TEETH CHAMPING AWAY ALL NIGHT! JUST BECAUSE **THEY** DON'T LIKE POP MUSIC...

EARS NICE & BRAIN EYES

YEAH! COME ON, LADS! LET'S TEACH THE SNOBS A LESSON!

WAX ISN'T MUCH GOOD AGAINST SPADES! WE'LL BE THROUGH IN NO TIME AT ALL!

THEY'VE SOON TUNNELLED THROUGH INTO FATTY'S EAR...

HEAR OLE KEEP CLEAR OF OBSTRUCT-IONS

WAA-AAH! DOWN WITH SNOBS!

POP MUSIC FOR EVER!

FINEST QUALITY EAR WAX

AAGH! IT'S THE MOUTH NERVS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING UP HERE?

YEOW! MUM WAS RIGHT, THAT CHEWING'S DONE THE TRICK, I CAN HEAR FINE NOW!

YEAH-WOO-WOO-YOW!

AND BACK INSIDE FATTY'S EAR...

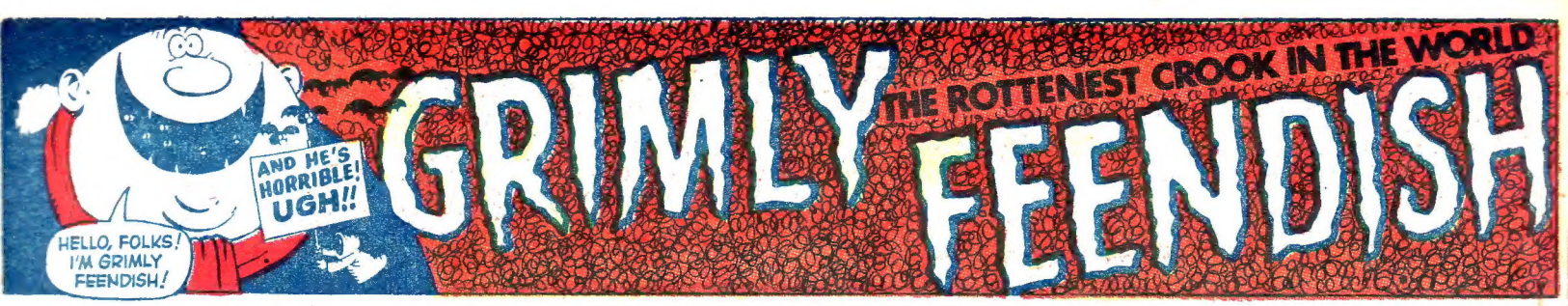
AAGH! AAGH! IT'S HORRIBLE! *IT'S HORRIBLE!*

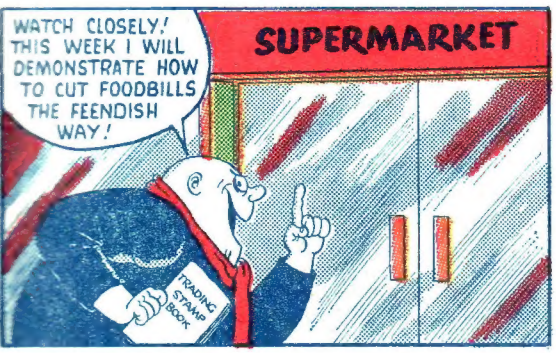
DIG THAT CRAZY BEAT!

GO, MAN, GO! I THINK WE'LL STAY A WHILE! IT'S MUCH CLEARER UP HERE! YEAH! YEAH!

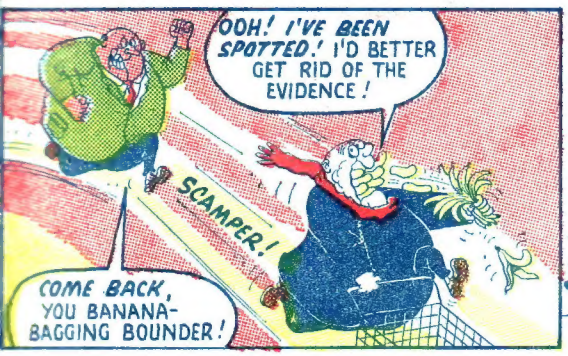
GRIMLY FEENDISH

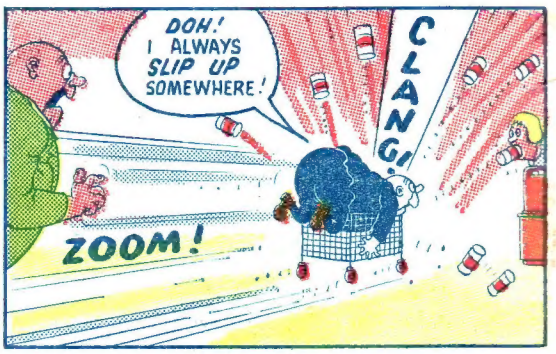
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

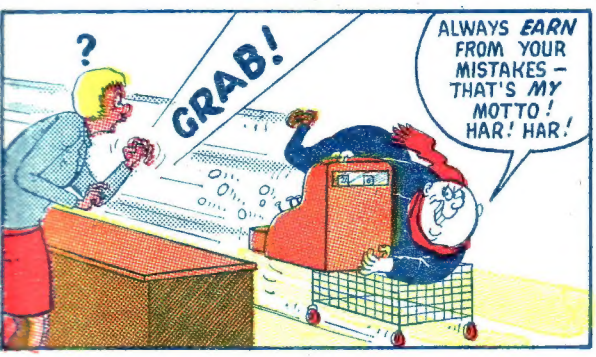


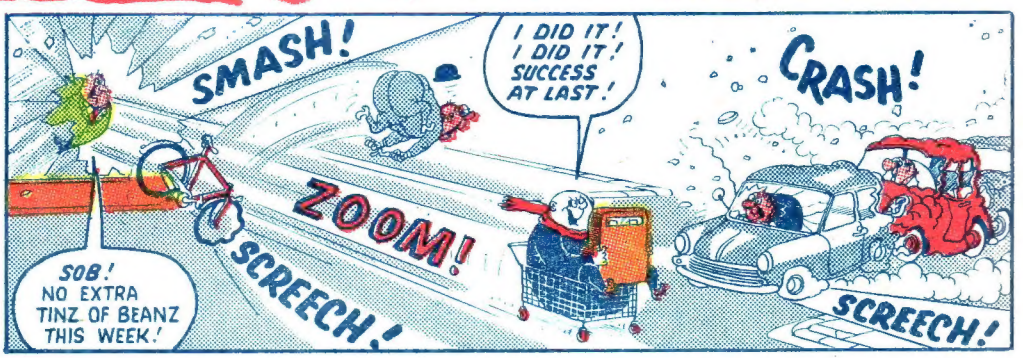


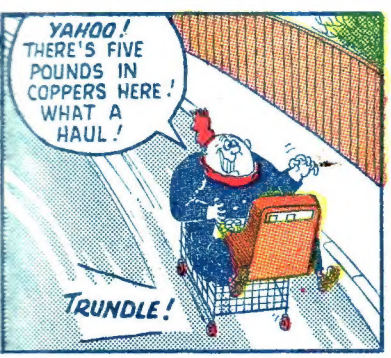
TINNED LETTUCE 6° OFF! TINNED MEAT OFF!
M'MMM... THE BOSS WOULD GIVE ME AN EXTRA FREE TIN OF BAKED BEANS THIS WEEK IF I NABBED THAT FAT CROOK!
STORE DETECTIVE

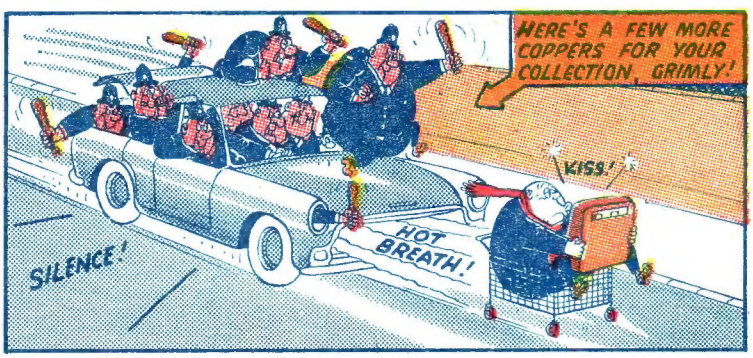


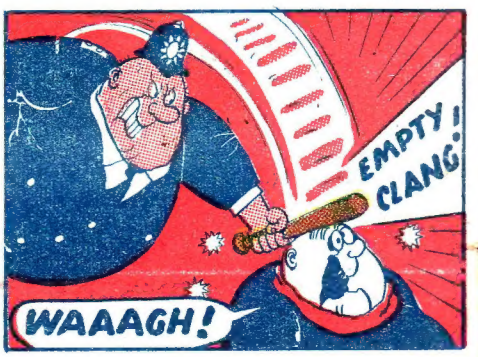


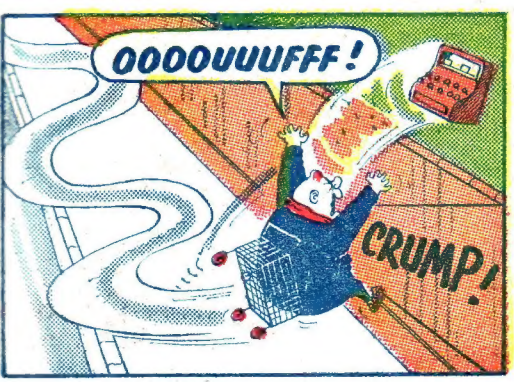


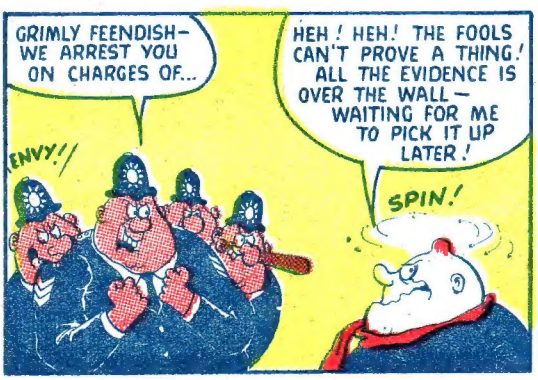


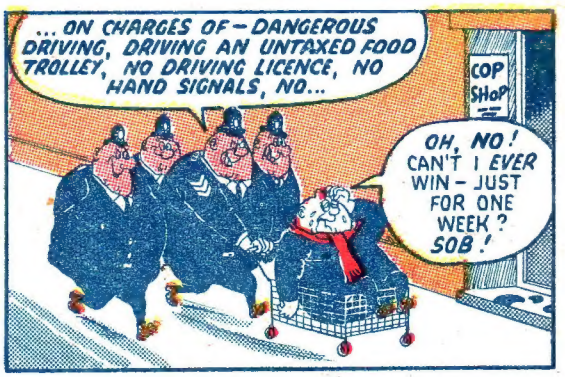









GRIMLY FEENDISH— WE ARREST YOU ON CHARGES OF...
ENVY!!
HEH! HEH! THE FOOLS CAN'T PROVE A THING! ALL THE EVIDENCE IS OVER THE WALL — WAITING FOR ME TO PICK IT UP LATER!
SPIN!


... ON CHARGES OF — DANGEROUS DRIVING, DRIVING AN UNTAXED FOOD TROLLEY, NO DRIVING LICENCE, NO HAND SIGNALS, NO...
COP SHOP
OH, NO! CAN'T I EVER WIN — JUST FOR ONE WEEK? SOB!